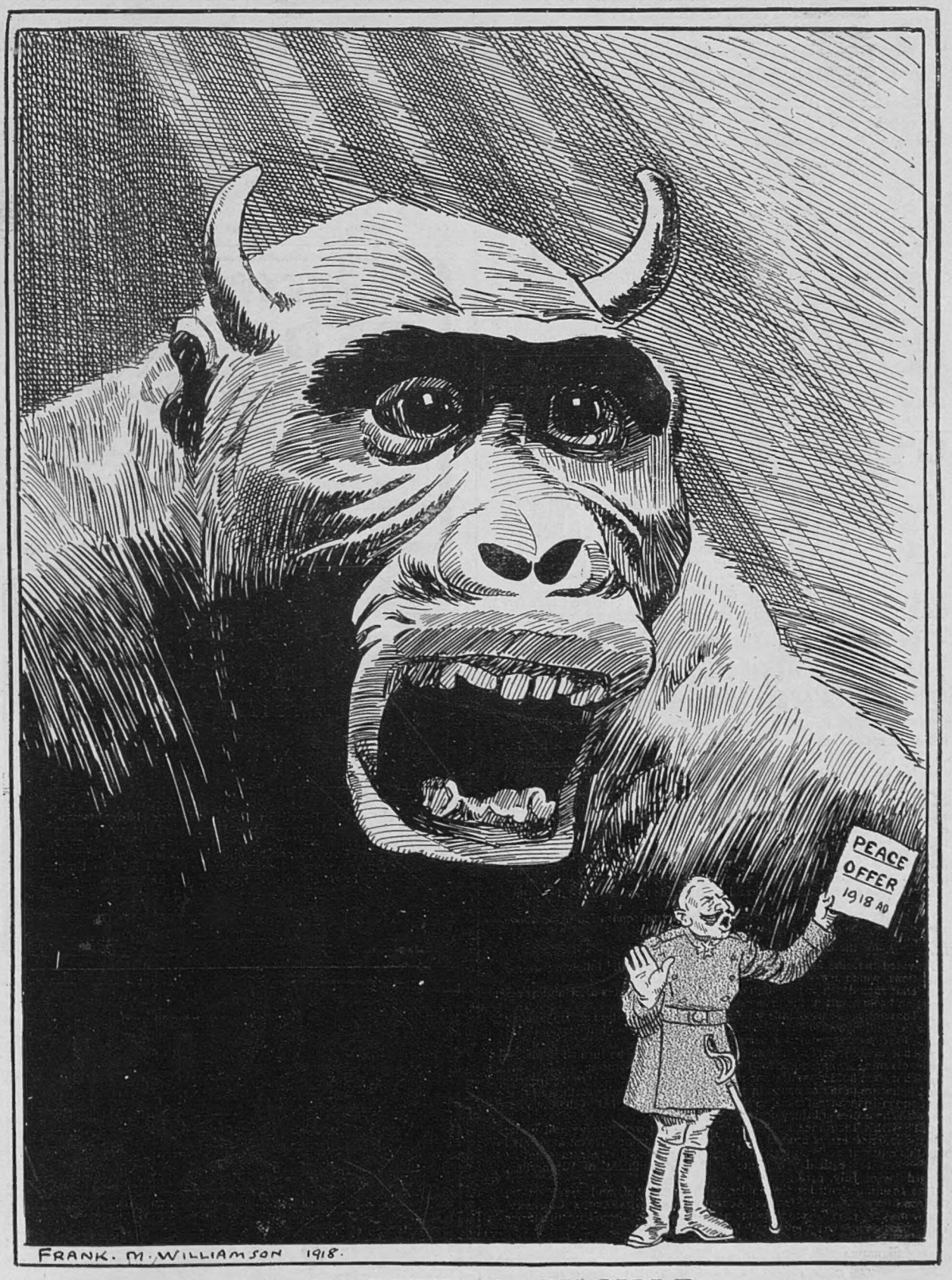
The Bystander, June 26, 1918.—No. 760. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Damp Squib

IT must have been sufficiently galling to the *amour-propre* of the Austrians to find that their loudly-heralded offensive—personally conducted by the Emperor—met the fate of a squib in wet grass. Neither towards Venice nor Treviso did they make any appreciable advance whatever in a week's fighting; and in some places, the Italians now occupy ground which was held by the Austrians a while ago. But perhaps worse for Austrian pride is the excuse put forward for their failure by the German Press, which is at great pains to explain that the great offensive was not really a great offensive at all, but only designed to anticipate attacks pending from the enemy. Can one wonder that, in sheer disgust the Austrians promptly massacred all the Czecho-Slovak prisoners who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands?

One Reason

CONDITIONS in Austria appear to be almost past bearing. To feel that his wife and children are starving at home does not put much energy behind the soldier's bayonet. Austria has been at the last gasp before, and she may hang out till the harvest, but one would think that she would be very ready to exchange all her Burians and Czernins for a Rhondda.

The Climax of the War—

IS it climax or anti-climax? Personally, I refuse to play the prophet. Even the politicians will come out of this war less bedraggled and besmirched than the war prophets—and that is saying a lot. What has happened during these last few weeks can be stated in a few sentences. The Germans, so that they could get full value for their greater numbers, created, very deliberately and cleverly, certain salients on the Western Front, adding several tens of miles to the front that we must hold. Well, we have held it. Meantime Austria was let loose on Italy in the belief that Austria would sweep through and troops from the West would be demanded. Austria has got it in the neck and Germany must fight and see what is waiting for *her*. I beg that no one in the comfort of his club will wallow in optimism. It is not a matter for optimism or pessimism. Our boys are facing those Germans. They will do their best. There are no lads under heaven who can do more.

—And Other Factors

MEANTIME, Austria internally is undoubtedly at her last lap, and is going most groggily. If her offensive completely fails anything may happen. And when that sort of thing begins to happen in one country it has a cumulative effect in others. There is Bulgaria and also Turkey. How those two rag-a-muffins love one another! They are spoiling for a fight. Well—it would be entertaining. And all this while America is girding up her loins and filling huge transports with splendid men. "Hearts up" is my motto; but we must all "put it all in" And many of us have *not* done that yet!

"Recognising the Facts"

THE middle-aged gentlemen who have been for the past few months drafted into the Army must be feeling that they have been badly sold. Not that they have grumbled about going, since they were assured that their services were necessary; and if by their going Ireland's young men, who ought to have gone long since, could be made to do their duty, the middle-aged gentlemen aforesaid had a taste of getting something for their pains; but now, it would appear, in spite of all assurances, that

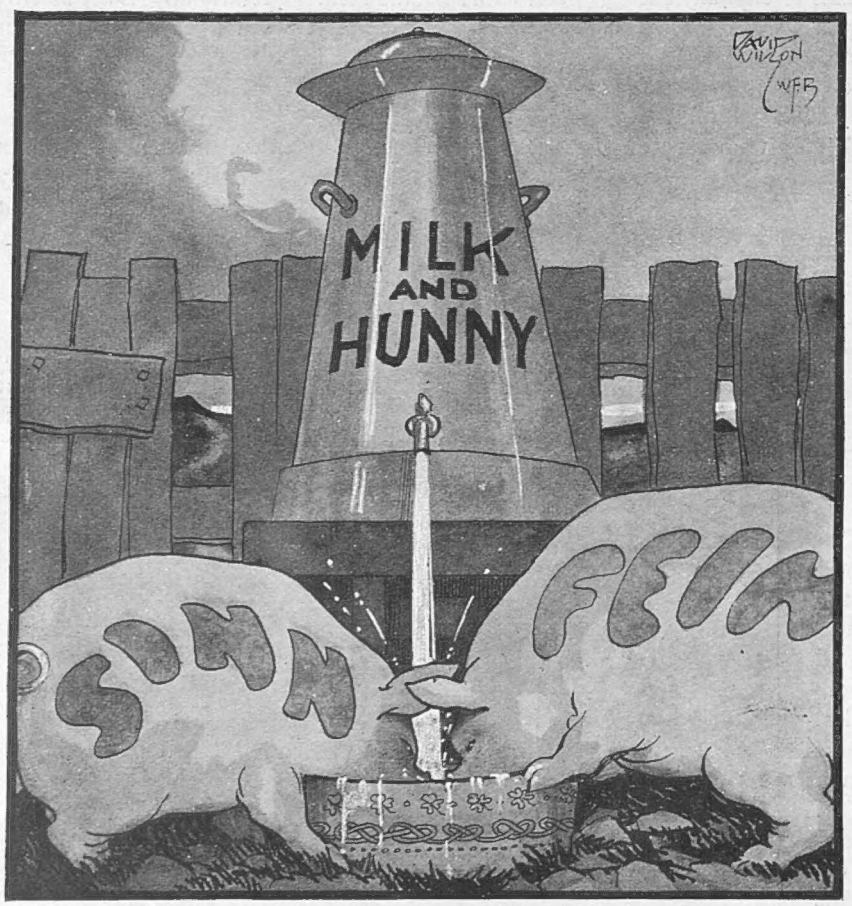
NOTHING DOING, KARL!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

conscription for Ireland has first been whittled away and finally withdrawn altogether—and the middle-aged men's sacrifice is in vain. It is a shameful betrayal, and it will be remembered against those who have engineered it to their dying day. Their excuse for this volte-face is that they have to "recognise the facts"; but there are other facts capable of recognition by the deluded public and by the possibly equally deluded House of Commons.

The Shower of Honours

THOSE long, long lists have had a deplorable effect on public feeling. All honours come from the same source, and you cannot make one "distinction" ridiculous and a by-word (and little less than this has happened) without wounding the national sense of fitness. Besides, quite a number of persons have deserved recognition, and it is cruel



PIGS IN CLOVER

on them that they should be puddled in such an amazing mob. Will there be a queue at the Palace, I wonder, held in order by wounded Tommies? If they were all to pay double income-tax no one would seriously mind. And then, at any rate, we should know what it was for.

One Man Sad About It

LOTS of people who were not in the list have expressed their heart-felt thankfulness that it did not contain their names. (Grapes are late this year.) But there was one man who, having gone chuckling through the columns, loudly expressed his disappointment at not finding himself included. "Why should *you* be in it?" asked a friend. "What have *you* been doing for the war?" "Absolutely nothing, dear boy. That's the very reason why, judging from the list, I should have thought I'd have been there. But, of course, *I* don't happen to get paid for it!"

Out With Them—

IN this beautiful land necessity is the mother of Government, and verily mamma has spared the rod and spoilt the child. Nothing happens unless it *must*; and even then it takes its time about it. The Government does not lead, it is driven; and before the public can drive it, the public has to find a stick and interest itself sufficiently to belabour the jibbers. So now—on the verge of the fifth year of war—we are becoming really incensed about aliens and their misdoings. The scandal of the alien banks, aliens in high places and Government Departments (I draw a distinction between the two you will observe), pampered alien prisoners, and privileged aliens still at large—the cauldron of public anger is literally seething. So *now* the Government *will* act, and it merely remains for us to see that they do their work completely.

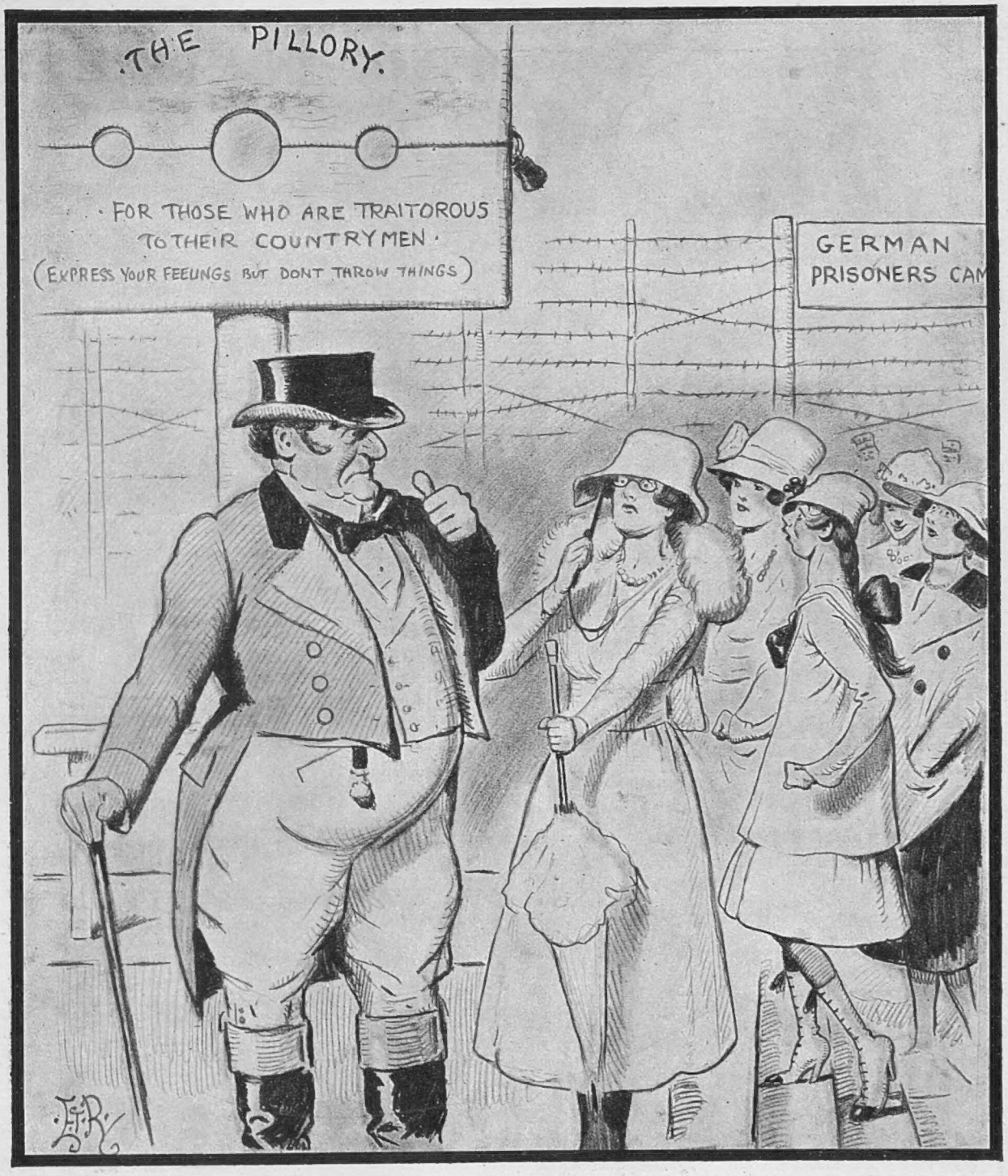
—And Their Friends

THE BYSTANDER has been calling attention to these scandals for month after month. Indeed, there has been a tremendous Press in favour of drastic action. But the Government still insisted on drawing an absurd distinction between aliens who are naturalised and aliens who are not. As if a man can change his nature with his name, or by swearing an oath and paying a small fee! Surely, however, now it is our duty to press further and discover who it was that befriended these enemies of our country and with what motive? Such persons should go with their *protégés*. Let us make a fair clean sweep and be all British from top to bottom.

A Comedy of Errors

I UNDERSTAND that it has just dawned on the electioneering officials of the old parties, who have been tackling the new Register of Voters, that they have beautifully "carted" themselves. The Register-making is going on famously, but the voters are being drafted away in droves under the Military Service Acts. It has now been discovered that a huge percentage of them having been swallowed up by the Army *after* a certain fateful date, will not be get-at-able and so—well, all those pleasant young Socialists who have been engineered out of the Army by shop-stewards and trade unionists will have an immense power. It is these fellows who have clamoured for municipal elections this

Why Not Revive the Pillory?



JOHN BULL: "Do you mean to tell me that some of you women and girls are *still* willing to hang about after a lot of miserable brutes who murder, torture, starve, drown, and maltreat your own men-folk? Ugh! 'Pon my soul, I'm ashamed of you. You ought to be in the Pillory!"

coming November, and nothing would please them better than a general election in January. No one who cares twopence for the future of his country should dream of such perilous folly. Far better to shut up Parliament entirely until we have won the war.

Justice for Germans

We pay our judges £5,000 a year apiece to administer justice, and very well they do it. But, seeing that we have to provide the cash, is there any reason why they should spend so much of their time dispensing justice to people with names having a most un-English ring about them? In the law notices in the *Times*, one day last week, in a by no means long list, there were no fewer than twenty-five cases in which either the plaintiff or defendant, or both, bore foreign patronymics, the large majority of which were decidedly of a Teutonic flavour. Nobody wants to deny justice to Germans, but just now there are better places than the law courts in which to deal it out to them.

With the Cadets at Camberley

The King and Queen recently visited the Royal Military College, Camberley, where Prince Henry, their third son, is now a cadet. Prince Henry shows the benefit of the military training he received at Eton, and should find no difficulty in following the example set him by the Prince of Wales

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 24, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

JUNE for most of us is rather a month of memories this fourth summer of war; but it remains the month of roses all the same, and so we fill it as full as war will let us of the more "cheery" shows—fairs and fêtes and garden parties, and the like.

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SLIGHTLY *sub rosa*, of course, are the affairs merely for the personal amusement of *le monde qui s'amuse*. We camouflage under some "in-aid-of" or other even such innocent Society diversions as lawn tennis tournaments at Queen's Club or Ranelagh; while house-parties and the like happen almost in secret, so tremendously is popular feeling set to-day against the purely social side it once so meekly endured, and even approved, as an inevitable part of life, though the nation, as a nation, had no share in its pomps and pleasures.

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WAR'S a terrible leveller. Duke and dustman, when it comes to man-power, stand as equal as we're told they will on the Day of Judgment. Very annoying for the dukes, don't you think? They say, you know, it's all this talk about democracy and the rest that's making so many of them sell off their ancestral acres. Idea is that it'll be easier to conscript or ration land than money.

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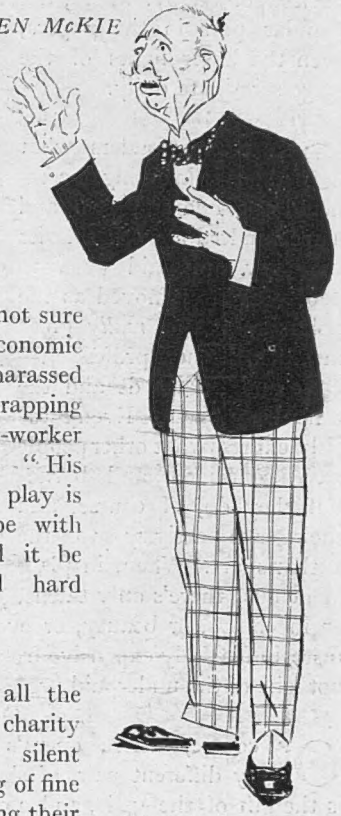
IN any case, there's very little fun in being a great landlord now all this new-fangled business about everyone getting a living wage and all that sort of thing is so popular. Now, in the good old days a man worked year in year out for you for never more, often less, than a pound a week (and glad to get it, too). My word, those were the times—when a gentleman *was* a gentleman. It's really a norful war.

"When a gentleman *was* a gentleman"

TALKING of the land, 40,000 schoolboys working on it during the holidays looks like the solution of several problems for their mothers and fathers, doesn't it? But I'm not sure it's altogether an economic proceeding. As one harassed parent of only one strapping young holiday land-worker has just remarked: "His appetite after a day's play is more than I can cope with these times. What'll it be after a day's real hard work . . . !"



"Don't land me with the O.B.E."

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IF only because of all the June-July *plein air* charity shows, a good few silent prayers for the blessing of fine weather must be winging their way just now to whatever Providence looks after this particular department. By the working side of the community a top-hole, glorious summer is, if anything, rather barred, I believe—it's so heart-breaking to sit in a City office or slave in a hospital between four walls, while under the blue canopy of heaven life slips by in a dream of warmth and colour and sweetness. But no day can be too long or lovely for those fortunate ones with the leisure, and the frocks, and the means, and the money—to enjoy it.

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A SHOW the suburbs simply dote on, of course, is this week's Theatrical Garden Party—which is the mummers' day out to collect funds for such members of their profession as have "blown" or otherwise failed to secure their old age subsistence. Though to see them there (and elsewhere) you never could believe that even the least fortunate of them could ever be really poor—poor, I mean, as for instance, the brainworkers are, the writers and the scientists and people.

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A FAIRLY successful actor-manager dies, and leaves up to a hundred thousand pounds or more behind him, after a life of anything but parsimony. The brain-worker quits this mortal sphere, and if he leaves £500 in the bank he

is lucky. And I guess that not one of the b.w.'s in a thousand has ever lunched once on his own, much less habitually, at the Berkeley, or the Ritz, or the Carlton, or Savoy, where, according, anyway, to the popular pars in the papers, even the lesser lights of the stage scintillate daily.

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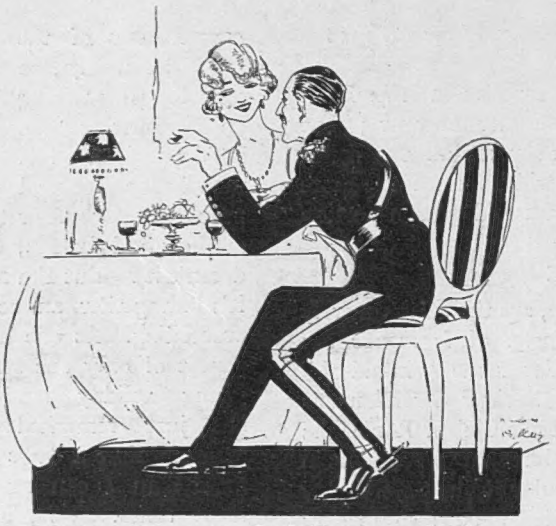
ONE often wonders what there is in acting to command the one and two and three hundred a week salaries they say are paid even to people as far removed as the poles from the *really* great members of their profession—Duse and Bernhardt and the other Olympians. Even these only express what other people have conceived and borne; but they do, of course, add their own artistry to the author's art. When, in place of genius, there's only talent, or ingenuity, or beauty, or even just a very special taste in fearfully expensive frocks—well, it's certainly not one of the underpaid professions.



"Lunching at the Berkeley or the Ritz"

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OF course, where opera's concerned—that's a very different pair of shoes. A beautiful voice is the gift of the gods, and not to be valued in mere dross, though even the heavenliest voice isn't much good without words and melody to use it on! Reminds me, it's one of the few shining bright spots in these sad, nerve-racking days—the Beecham Opera at Drury Lane. To hear *Bohème*, or *Aida*, or *Boris Godounov*, especially if "conducted" by Sir Thomas himself, is worth a good *hundred* guineas a box every time.

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ONLY it doesn't cost anything like that, but only the usual theatre prices—for the pink Bradbury or so you pay for your stall at the *thinnest* revue, musical comedy, American farce, or what not, Sir Thomas Beecham provides one with hours on end of perfect music, perfectly conducted, perfectly acted, almost perfectly sung. It's a revelation, indeed, to some of us nurtured on the old, fashionable Covent Garden opera. One hadn't somehow realised how much more enjoyable even the most foolishly scenario'd opera is when as much careful attention is given to the setting and the acting as to the singing itself.

"Duke and dustman . . . stand as equal"

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NO story seems too slight—or too vast—for the Beecham Opera to give its whole mind to. The simple, sordid love story and melodious music of *Bohème* is as studiously worked on, dramatically and vocally, as the splendid sorrows and strange, exquisitely discordant, marvellous music of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov;* and I call it a *chef d'œuvre*, a *coup de maître*, a crowning touch, to have made Bach's *Phœbus and Pan* not only a delight to the eye and ear, but also something really amusing. The sweet, pure music of Bach is refreshing as a Morny-salted bath after a hot day in town, and the Dulac dresses and the scenery are, I should think, the most artistic ever seen on the operatic stage.

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VERY typical of our times, by the way, is the "house" at Drury Lane, even on the smartest nights. In the few first tier boxes, "Society," or what remains of it, may still be seen—many Americans, Minister's wives, the Manners contingent, etc.; but in the stalls, *what* a war-change from grand opera in the piping times of peace. Very few men dressed, the women mostly "bloused," their hair untired, their faces unmassaged.

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I SUPPOSE it's only a rumour, but they do say there were some Huns, or anyway ex-Huns, among the six thousand "honoured" last week. Rather a scream, what? Considering . . . But mistakes must occur, of course, in such a *mass*. Someone's been calculating, by the way, that at the present rate, by 1923 we'll *all* be O.B.E.'s, or something, and how we're feeling about it "R.C.R.'s" put rather nicely in *The Globe*—

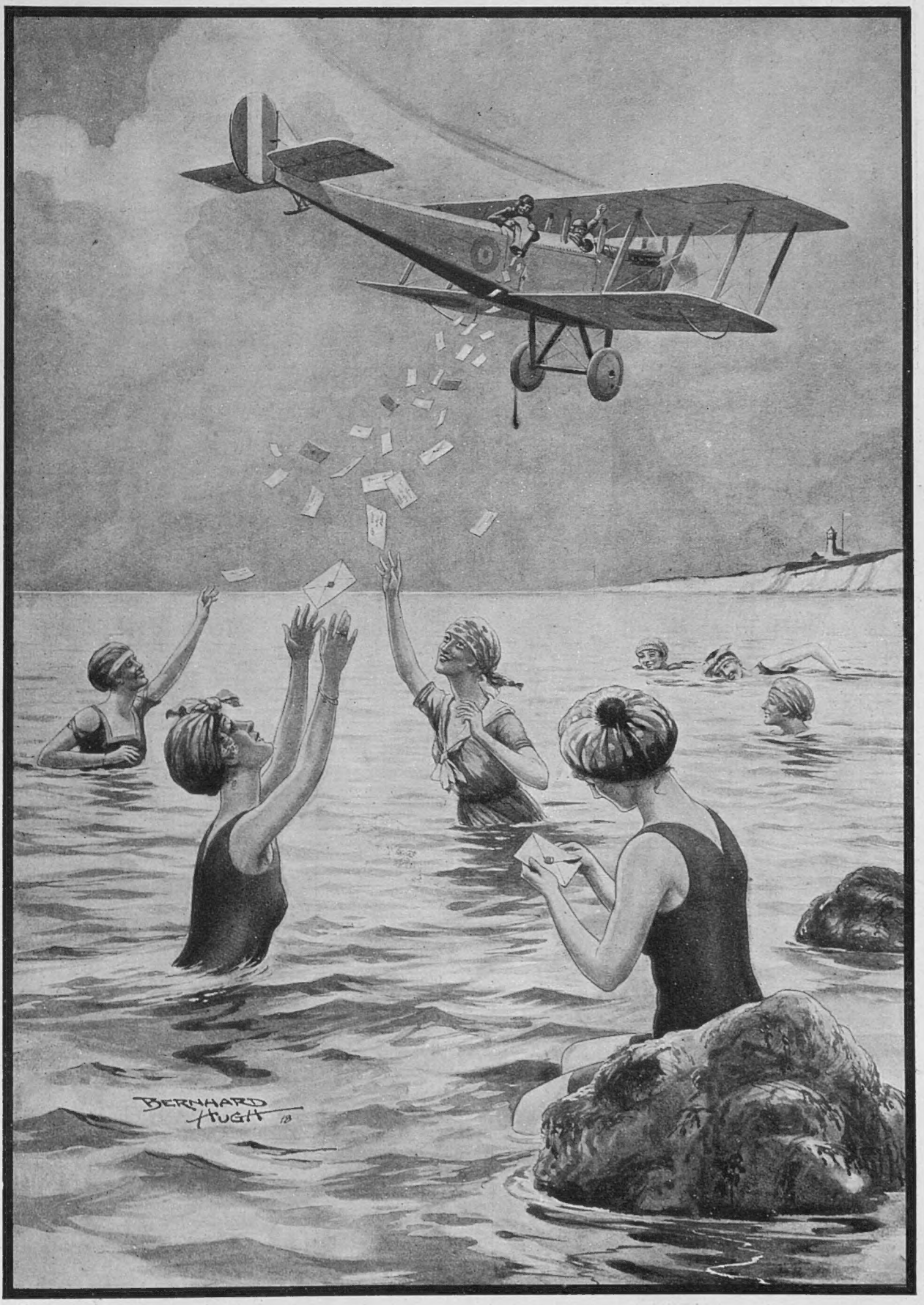
Put me on a desert island,
Far beyond all titled ken
Cut each ration down to zero
Throw me in the lion's den.

Call me up—I'm over sixty,
And if I'm an absentee,
Issue the severest Order—
Make it limitless "C.B."
But for pity's sake don't land me
With the order O.B.E.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Propaganda—



PASSED BY CENSOR

—Of a kind that always receives a rapturous welcome, even though it only preaches to the already converted

Official Photograph

ON—NOT AT—THE FRONT

Somewhere on the coast of France these happy soldiers—British, French, and American (to say nothing of W.A.A.C.'s)—are enjoying a little of the "rest camp" cure, watching the French children building their sand-castles

THE TRIUMPH. BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

A man who has turned out a disappointment to his friends is No. 38580 Pte. Plummer, A.S.C., M.T. It is indeed deplorable in these times when a man, and a British soldier to boot, is found to be declaring in loud and blasphemous accents to all who care to listen, that, so far as he's concerned, every —— German prisoner in France can escape from captivity, and it won't worry him one perishin' 'aporth.

Now these are not the sentiments of a right-thinking, patriotic Britisher; but, incredible as it may seem, they are the views openly and vigorously expressed by Pte. Plummer, to the man's everlasting shame and ignominy.

At the same time, in common fairness to Pte. Plummer, it must be recorded that his case is not entirely without a grain of provocation and that when expressing these disgusting views he may be seen lying face downward on a hard mattress in a large base hospital with swathes of bandage encasing the fleshiest portion of his frame, a position which, in the opinion of nursing sisters, invariably tends to exercise a lowering influence upon the *moral*. Indeed, they, for their part, freely forgive him.

What happened to Pte. Plummer was this: Chancing one day to be driving a lorry along a country road, he perceived a German prisoner emerge suddenly from a ditch some little distance away, and, after a cautious survey of his surroundings, plunge headlong into the wood on the opposite side of the road. This was good enough for Pte. Plummer. Instantly stopping his lorry, he tore off his tunic, and, picking up a meat axe to keep him company dashed off into the undergrowth in pursuit of his quarry.

Now it so happened that a territorial guard was actively engaged in scouring this wood for the escaped prisoner, and it was with something of that glow of joyful anticipation that thrills the breast of the Tyrolean eagle upon perceiving some obese and lonely tourist scaling the frowning mountain-side that an elderly and astigmatic corporal who, rifle in hand, had been vainly searching the countryside on an empty stomach since 5 a.m, perceived a figure in shirtsleeves rushing down the forest slope with the celerity of the Gadarene swine.

He was not an athletic man, the corporal, what with lumbago and the burden of advancing age; but he was, above all things, a patriot and a soldier, and he ran after Pte. Plummer as he had never run before in his life. He covered about three kilometres, wheezing like a pair of punctured bagpipes, and then, feeling that the end was fast approaching, he dropped heavily on one knee, and with one last supreme effort up with his rifle and perforated Pte. Plummer clean through the aforesaid fleshiest portion of his frame. This accomplished, he threw himself under a tree and fell into an exhausted slumber.

I hear they are still looking for Fritz.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

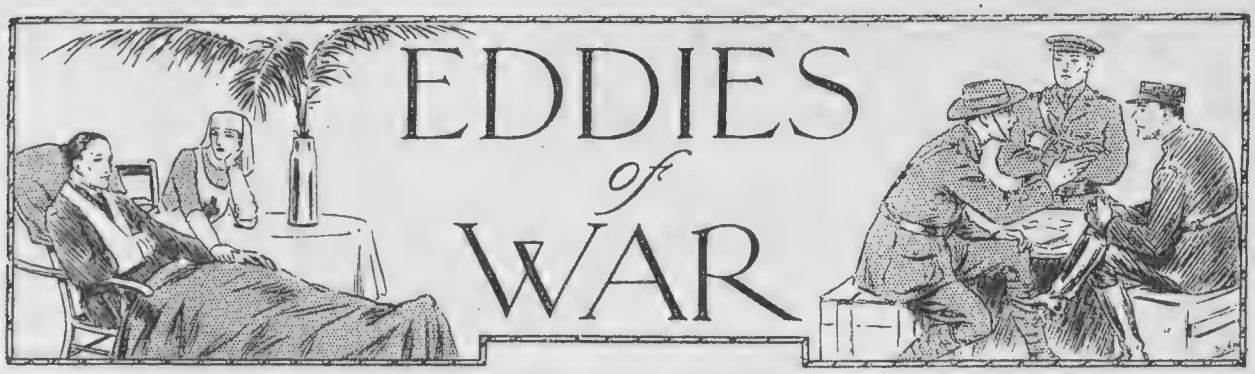
French Official Photograph

AUSTRIANS, BEWARE!

This very tall officer is the colonel of one of the French regiments fighting on the Italian front

Weighed in the Balance

BUT, EVEN SO, BETTER THAN NO EXCHANGE AT ALL



THE TENTH WOMAN.

BY DELL LEIGH

"PARKES" has been ragged considerably about Mrs. Wilson in the club and elsewhere; and this little tale centres round him because he was the principal figure in the drama from the club's point of view; and also chiefly because some of us were convinced he had a sporting chance, whereas we had been weighed by the diminutive hand and found wanting.

We heard the disjointed story from "Parkes'" own lips; and from a fairly intimate knowledge of them both, I am privileged to fill in certain details he left untold. When he sees this, he will hotly deny some of it; but a man in love becomes a minus quantity.

Nellie Wilson was the young, and dangerously attractive, widow of a planter in Ceylon, who had succumbed to fever in 1913, and left her a considerable fortune. She had wangled a passage for herself to Cairo, at the end of 1914, to join a married sister, and it was there that Parkes and his brother officers danced with her most of the night and talked of her most of the day.

When the battalion was ordered to France Nellie Wilson could have married two-thirds of the junior officers had she so desired, but she did not. Those of us who have survived keep in touch with her whenever leave or convalescence allows, for she is now buried amid an adoring family in the midlands.

Enter, therefore, Parkes, on fourteen days' leave. Although a field officer, with a bar to his Military Cross, a reputation for complete fearlessness, and an insatiable *joie de vivre*, he is of the type that becomes rather inane in the presence of women, and must be very easy game to the majority of them.

HARD NUTS TO CRACK

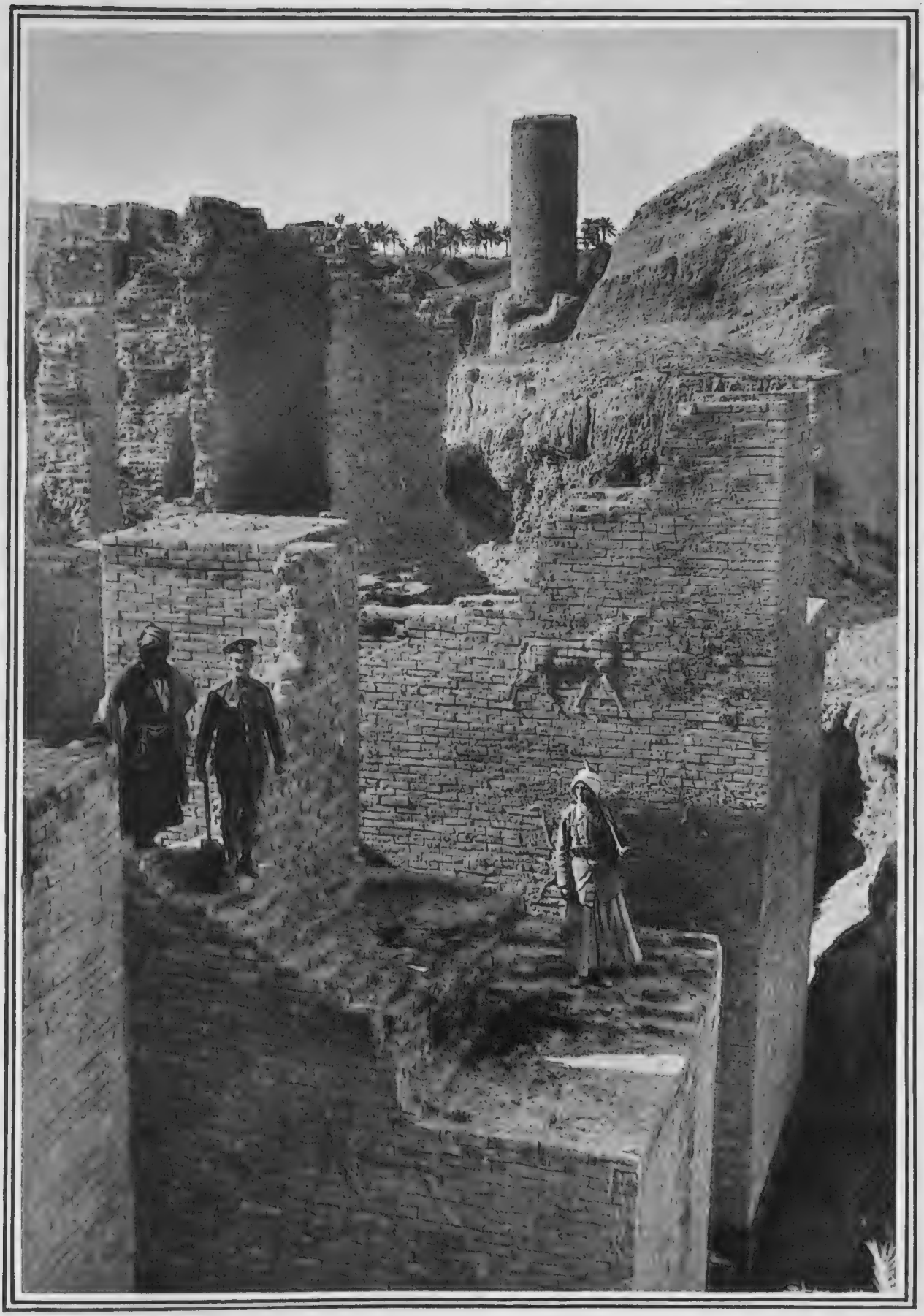
Nellie Wilson had become a sort of religion with him; and whether she had so far staved off the question that was ever hovering on the poor man's lips for the sheer fun of the thing, or whether she shared his feelings, is beyond me; but he had shown me her note with a grin of ecstasy the night before. "Dear Parkes (she, too, had adopted his regimental nickname), *so* glad you areh ome. Coming up to-morrow for a couple of nights. Would simply love to go to a show; any old show. I haven't seen anything for ages. Ring me up at the Carlton about tea-time.—Yours ever, Nellie Wilson."

He chose the place for dinner and the meal itself with infinite care.

About cocktail time, having endurep expectancy all day long (she was "shopping," she had telephoned, and refused his plea for lunch), he was not fit to speak to. She had looked "absolutely topping," it seemed, in a dress of old gold

(Continued on page 546)

The Ruins of an Ancient Realm



Official Photograph

The troops in Mesopotamia are fighting in a country full of memorials of forgotten empires. Babylon the Great herself must have been built somewhat on the lines of this ancient temple of El Sagilo. Note the enormous thickness of the walls and the Assyrian bas-relief high up on the side of the temple

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

brocadè, which showed up her dark hair and eyes and that wonderful skin. The dinner was a complete success; and she expressed herself as charmed with the eighth-row stalls, centre gangway, at the Pantheon, where the greatest of all revues was in the second week of gigantic success. I have yet to learn whom he bribed for the seats.

And then something went wrong.

It was one of those revues with intervals about every twenty minutes.

She replied to his conversation with only half an ear. Was she feeling the heat? Not the least. Was she bored? On the contrary. He revived a kaleidoscope of Cairo memories. She seemed to have forgotten everyone. He got a succession of "Oh, really?" "How nice!" "Do remember me to him."

But her whole attention was elsewhere. She had become rather pale, and she looked worried to death.

And Parkes screwed up the programme in a hot hand and cursed an unknown deity for spoiling his evening.

When the sumptuous olive-green curtain dropped for the last entr'acte she turned to him impulsively and said: "Parkes, you see that woman in the fourth row on the left, next the gangway? Well, she has got my fur coat on!"

"*What?*" replied the astounded man. "How do you mean?"

"I say she has got my chinchilla fur on. Don't be foolish, my dear boy, I suppose I know my own coat, don't I? It was Edgar's wedding present to me; it cost him a small fortune. It was stolen last year from the cloak room at Lady Mudland's charity ball."

"But what are you going to do?" asked the man lamely.

"I am going to get it,' replied Nellie Wilson, in a voice Parkes had never heard before. "She has a man with her. Stand by me, won't you." And with that she rose.

Nellie bent over the fourth row stall. "Excuse me," she said sweetly, "but I think you have got my coat on."

A hard-faced woman, heavily made up, stared incredulously. Her companion began to expostulate, and rose in his seat angrily.

Parkes moved up the gangway; and a shoal of heads turned towards Nellie.

"I am sorry," continued this perfectly self-possessed young woman, "but the coat you have on is mine. I have no doubt you are unaware of it," she continued acidly, "and to avoid further unpleasantness I had better prove it to you."

Whereupon, with a quick movement, she picked up the hem of the coat and ripped away a small piece of the satin lining with her nail. Underneath (she knew the exact spot) was sewn a silk label:

"N. Wilson, Karrachi, Colombo."

"I think, perhaps—outside? Yes." The man and the woman moved up the gangway, talking loudly.

"Get a taxi," she said fiercely to Parkes.

As he departed to do her bidding he saw her receiving the big fur coat and handing her card in exchange to a now terrified woman.

. . . . .

At the conclusion of the story, a man next to Parkes said: "You know, nine women out of ten wouldn't have had the pluck to do a thing like that."

Old Colonel Fielding, scarred and cynical, gave forth from the depths of the *Times*:

"H'm, she was evidently the tenth woman. Don't know that I should care to marry her—little awkward at breakfast sometimes—what?"

Parkes looked across at him with sad contempt.

FERVID ALLOTMENTEER: "I intend to have something growing on every square inch of it!"
BARBER: "Then you'd better try our celebrated Grow-Quick Lotion, sir!"

And Still They Come!

"Wal, I guess this needs a new outfit—it don't scare me"

TRUTH and TRIFLES

BY J. HOPE DALY

DEMOCRACY

The brown suit certainly looked very well, and the cleaner had got the creases exactly in the right place. The canvas spats I had ironed with my own hand. The total effect was, as subsequent events proved, impressive.

. . . . . .

The train to town was already crowded, but I discovered that there were some extra coaches at the far end of the platform, and as I walked towards them an inspector met me. "Any room, there?" I said, pointing to the extra coaches. "Certainly, sir," he answered, as he opened the door of a first-class compartment.

"I am travelling third," I said.

"Oh, third!" he replied. "You'll find room down there somewhere. You must get in where you can."

. . . . . .

I found room.

WAR ECONOMY AT BRIGHTON

Mrs. Montague Mayson carefully corked up the remaining third of the three-shilling Chablis.

Looking across to her friend, Miss Chester, she said: "I think it's about time we started, dear. What are you going to wear?"

"Well," said Miss Chester, "we must look quite the thing. The people are *so* smart there, you know, and we *must* look exactly like them."

Mrs. Montague Mayson assented.

. . . . . .

Going along the front they glanced frequently into the reflecting shop windows, and more than once altered the angle of their hats. As they went up the steps into the Métropole, Mrs. Montague Mayson remarked in a firm voice: "Yes, as you say, dear, the people *are* rather vulgar, and one never meets anybody one knows, but I always find Brighton so bracing."

In the lounge Mrs. Montague Mayson darted for the only vacant table.

. . . . . .

The waiter came forward. "What can I get for you, madam?" he said.

Mrs. Montague Mayson lifted a languid eyelid, and surveyed the young man in a suitably impersonal manner. "Coffee," she said, "always disagrees with me after mayonnaise. I think we had better have a liqueur. You have Grand Marnier, of course?"

"Very sorry, madam," replied the waiter, "but it's just past nine. We are not allowed to serve any alcoholic drinks."

"How extremely annoying," said Mrs. Montague Mayson, "but I suppose we must put up with it."

"It's the war, you know," she said resignedly, turning to her friend.

. . . . . .

They sat on till half-past ten, and much enjoyed the music, to say nothing of the liberal education they received in how to be "the thing." On the way home Mrs. Montague Mayson ventured the opinion that it had been a most successful evening.

"Yes," replied Miss Chester, "but you only just managed it. I was awfully afraid the waiter would have time to rush off and bring the liqueurs."

"Trust me, my dear," said Mrs. Montague Mayson. "The clock was just in front of me."

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

OLD GENTLEMAN (*visiting Headquarters of Women's Organisation*): "Bless my soul! Pardon my interrupting, but can you direct me to the Commandant?"

COMMANDANT: "Speaking!"

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

The three airmen had told each other a number of tales, including one about being lost in a fog over enemy territory, and another about fighting four German chasers with a dead observer in the "'bus."

Then one said: "How do we get to Hendon?"

"Oh!" said another, "We change at Charing Cross and go up the moving staircase."

"No moving staircase for me," said a third. "Damn dangerous things!"

Back to the Land

The 5.15 from town, with its cargo of allotmenteers, approaching its destination and the scene of their labours. The studied yet childlike simplicity of Mr. Bateman's design should appeal to eyes surfeited with the Nevinson-Nash school

Who'd Have

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'Struth, Bert! Good

Thought It?

ob we saw that notice!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

TAILS UP!

AT THE COMEDY

BY "JINGLE." *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.*

THIS is another amusing revue built up on what is playfully supposed to be an impromptu plot. A heavy shower of rain brings a mixed gathering to a cabmen's shelter. There is a fine old major, represented by Mr. Arthur Playfair in his best and most imposing style, and there is a taxi-driver who is naturally shocked to find that people have the indelicacy to whistle for him in wet weather. It is a nice tribute to the catholicity and truth to life of the scene that the crowd in the shelter includes the inevitable and ubiquitous Improper Lady, upon whose account the major's wife prefers to stay outside in the rain rather than risk contamination by breathing the same atmosphere with a person of that class. Inside the shelter, the guests begin to narrate their experiences, which are at once translated into the concrete form of a revue. It is interesting to note that while most of the company are able to tell interesting stories that are worthy of representation in the ensuing scenes, the Improper Lady is not invited to make a personal contribution to the symposium. So we shall never know what we have missed.

❀

THE first experience represented is that of the deserted state of the London parks to-day. In the park shown to us there is nobody to be seen except a special constable and a common policeman. In the course of a little chat between the two, during which the "special" endeavours to elicit a few professional tips from his comrade in blue, we learn the cardinal rule that if there is trouble of any kind it is the duty of the "special" to step forward in the interests of the King's peace. If, however, there should happen along a pretty girl who doesn't know her way about, and is open to receive information on the subject, the regular police do not propose to tolerate any interference from rank outsiders with their lawful prerogative. A policeman's lot may not be a happy one, but it would seem to have its moments. This is a very bright scene conducted by Mr. Jack Buchanan as the common policeman and Miss Phyllis Monkman, who is the light and life of the revue, as the "special."

❀

THE strange tale of the Brigadier-General who was never seen is not, perhaps, so strange as it might have been if Mr. John Hastings Turner had handled the subject with a little more ingenuity. After all, your first idea in experiencing the usual difficulty of interviewing a Government official is that at the rate you find things

going you will be an old man before you get to your destination; and it is to this idea that concrete expression is given here. A "Plain Man" who calls to see a Brigadier-General on important business, finds the Civil Servants at tea, and is first told that he must fill up the usual form before anything can be done. It takes some time to find the forms because they have been thrown under the table to make room for the tea-tray. So far the treatment is good and fresh. It is only when we come to the denoomong, as it were, that we are back among an old familiar friend in the domain of humour. The Plain Man is taken from corridor to corridor and from lift to lift till he reaches a much bewhiskered old age before any decision as to his case is arrived at; and that decision is that he has filled up the wrong form and must start again. This whiskered joke has been very popular of late. It used to be a common form of humour in respect of some of our slower railways. Mr. Turner treats it as freshly as possible; but he is as a rule so ingenious that we look to him, not unnaturally, for a really original climax to a joke that is always with us.

A CURIOUS idea is that of the intellectual sergeant-major, one of whose functions is the organisation of dramatic entertainments for the edification of the company. This particular sergeant-major will not tolerate anything in the way of a cheap melodrama or burlesque, but goes for his inspiration direct to the Bard of Avon himself. On this occasion he selects the well-known tragedy of *Macbeth*, apparently because of the liberal use there of language which Army tradition, rightly or wrongly, associates with sergeants in general. Although the players are able to produce chapter and verse for the

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS HOWARD TRAVERS-MALTRAVERS

stormy expressions they use, I am afraid that as a creature of custom I must hesitate to express approval of this scene. Our strange English way is to approve strong language or strong situations if presented tragically, and to hold up our hands in righteous horror if the language or situation is used in such a way as to make us laugh. The same inexplicable law applies to the difference between melodrama and farce. If the heroine in a drama is ruined by the villain, and has to drag her way through the drifting snow with her fatherless babe, we see there a homely story for the edification of the young ; but if the same story is treated from the point of view of a farcical comedy we say it is improper and call wildly for the resignation of the Lord Chamberlain, or whoever it is that licenses the things. It is not brainy, perhaps, but it is British ; and this is not the time to call in question any fine old British custom.

❋

A CONSIDERABLE amount of room on the programme is given to the quaint tale of some London lovers in cases where "a marriage has been arranged." We begin with Mayfair, where, it appears, courtship goes on in what is described as the weary way. The heroine is named Gwendolen, and while she is waiting for her future husband to call and fix things with papa, she smokes cigarettes and gives the impression that the whole thing is a frightful bore. We are given to understand that she has been far too well brought up to look upon marriage as a means of the continuation of the species. That is only for the lower classes. The author seems here to have mistaken Mayfair for, say, Chelsea. When the aristocratic suitor calls to ask papa both gentlemen are really too bored to discuss the matter, and they go to sleep in their chairs till the ladies come to hear the verdict ; and when the young people are left alone to discuss their marriage, Gwendolen continues to smoke cigarettes nonchalantly on one side of the room, while her suitor settles himself for a nap on the other, and begs that she will wake him as soon as he is reasonably entitled to tear himself away from her side.

❋

THEN there is the distinguished young man who is going to marry an actress, and who meets her "people" behind the scenes at the theatre. This scene gives Mr. Arthur Playfair a fine chance as an actor of the old school who recalls, with a boastful air, that fifteen years ago he positively had an engagement. The most amusing episode of the series, however, is described by Miss Phyllis Monkman as a "Low-Down Fellow's Girl," who incidentally throws an illuminating light on the ways of East End courtship. She says her admirer took her to see the pictures and held her hand. He did not, however, buy her any chocolates and that is how she knew that he was "straight." I learn for the first time that a present to a lady of a box of chocolates is evidence of questionable intentions ; and perhaps that is why the present shortage of chocolate creams on the market is not so much due to the defence of the realm as in the interests of public morals. I shall never buy a box of chocolates again without feeling that I am being regarded as a ruthless wrecker of homes or something of that sort. Mr. J. M. Campbell is a sort of *compère* to the revue, and proves, as ever, a master of humour and ready disguise ; while Miss Teddie Gerard illuminates the story from time to time with her joyous song and dance. JINGLE

PHYLLIS TITMUSS

"THE WIDOW'S 'MITE'"

The Same Way

By ESTELLE GWYNNE

THE mirror reflected many persons and things to the man who lay day after day in the sunny room in the big corner house standing back in a shady garden. Friends; and strangers whom by long acquaintance he had got to know so well that he regarded them, too, as friends. One of his amusements was his penchant for conferring what he considered appropriate names upon everyone, and for convenience we will adopt the one he gave himself—"St. George, because he, too, had a dragon to fight."

Among the real friends who passed, the first, perhaps, was the brilliant and cheery young doctor who had been St. George's schoolfellow before that football accident which had resulted in spinal trouble. The doctor took a great interest in St. George's case, for reasons both professional and friendly. When St. George, broken by weakness and weariness, had complained, half-laughingly, that he knew the sum total of the wall-paper pattern in every possible direction, and how many tiles, broken and unbroken, there were on the old red roof opposite, and so on, the doctor had "rigged up" a skilful contrivance of mirrors, whereby the invalid could, while reclining on his back, see all that happened in the road without. The doctor always raised his hat with a flourish as he strode by, made an elaborate bow, gave a merry wave of the hand, or did something laughable for the benefit of his invisible friend, and completely mystified adjacent strangers, who, seeing no one save the doctor, invariably predicted a madhouse for him. Under his care, the patient was making slow, but real progress, and he was sanguine that a few years would see a complete recovery. St. George, having secret doubts, dubbed him "the Optimist."

The next great friend was a curate, an old Rugby blue, who always saluted in a brisk military fashion as he passed, and dropped in every night to tell 'Varsity stories and smoke. St. George gave him the somewhat obvious name of "the Padre."

Then came the multitudinous stranger friends. St. George told the Padre cheerfully it was extraordinary how well you got to know people and their little characteristics and idiosyncrasies when you saw them twice a day for three or four years, and had nothing to do in the intervals of pain but to think of them and weave romances about them.

St. George watched rather wistfully for the big, good-looking engineer from the great works round the corner. Their build and appearance was almost identical, and if only he had been well . . . However, the engineer always came rapidly up on a shabby motor bicycle with a dark green side car, and St. George could identify the throb of the engine as it approached. Whatever the weather, he was hatless; he had a habit of marching about at midday clad in soiled blue overalls, and yet, despite his attire, possessed an air of cultivation and refinement which fascinated St. George. He looked thin and haggard, and very grave, and St. George (whom much reflection seemed to have made romantic) decided without doubt he must be "the Disinherited Knight." Once St. George helplessly witnessed through the mirror the Disinherited Knight have a bad smash through deliberately running into an electric light standard in the centre of the road, his only hope of avoiding a small child being personal sacrifice. St. George liked him more than ever after that; and on his return, after a long absence, perceiving his radiantly happy face, and the stately old man who accompanied him, he was convinced that the Disinherited Knight had been reconciled to his father.

"The Fair Youth," passed many times a day—very tall, very fair, and very grave; he cycled rapidly morning, noon, and night, but could be seen strolling most leisurely in the dusk with a fairy-like girl, always laughing, who seemed to find her life's sole delight in teasing him and thwarting him when he wished to talk seriously. Doubtless, thought St. George, she would relent one day, and they would marry and live in a dainty cottage, with a rose-clad porch, and every convenience. He was very particular about the conveniences!

Two girls passed morning and night. These were typists, he was sure. One was dark, plain, rather severe looking; the other fair, pretty, full of vivacity. They were obviously great friends, and, of course, were "Martha and Trixie." To vary the usual story, he resolved that the *plain* one should have a splendid lover; the pretty one—well, perhaps he must relent and let her have one also.

Others who went the same way were: the gaunt, stooping, ugly man, who was apparently an engineer, too, and whom St. George christened—on account of his very long-suffering suit—"He of the Brown"; the quaint cashier at the old bank—named "a Tale of Two Cities" (the Padre inquired why, and was informed it was because of his usual attire, "Toolong and Tooloose"); "Algy the Knut," of the drooping lily slouch, who languidly wended his way from the station in the morning and more languidly returned thither at night ("too tired to breathe," was St. George's mental comment).

Lastly there was the Pater—never too busy or work-engrossed to smile brightly and nod up at the familiar window as he passed it fifty times a day. St. George knew that the Pater's lot was hard—to have his only son, on whom all his hopes and affections were centred, laid aside a helpless invalid during the years when he should have been making his way in the world. It was because of this that St. George read law steadily whenever he felt strong enough. Well, they would live in hopes, and trust to the Optimist.

There were many others he knew by sight, and he weaved romances with happy endings for all of them. As he told the Padre, "they all went the same way, except St. George."

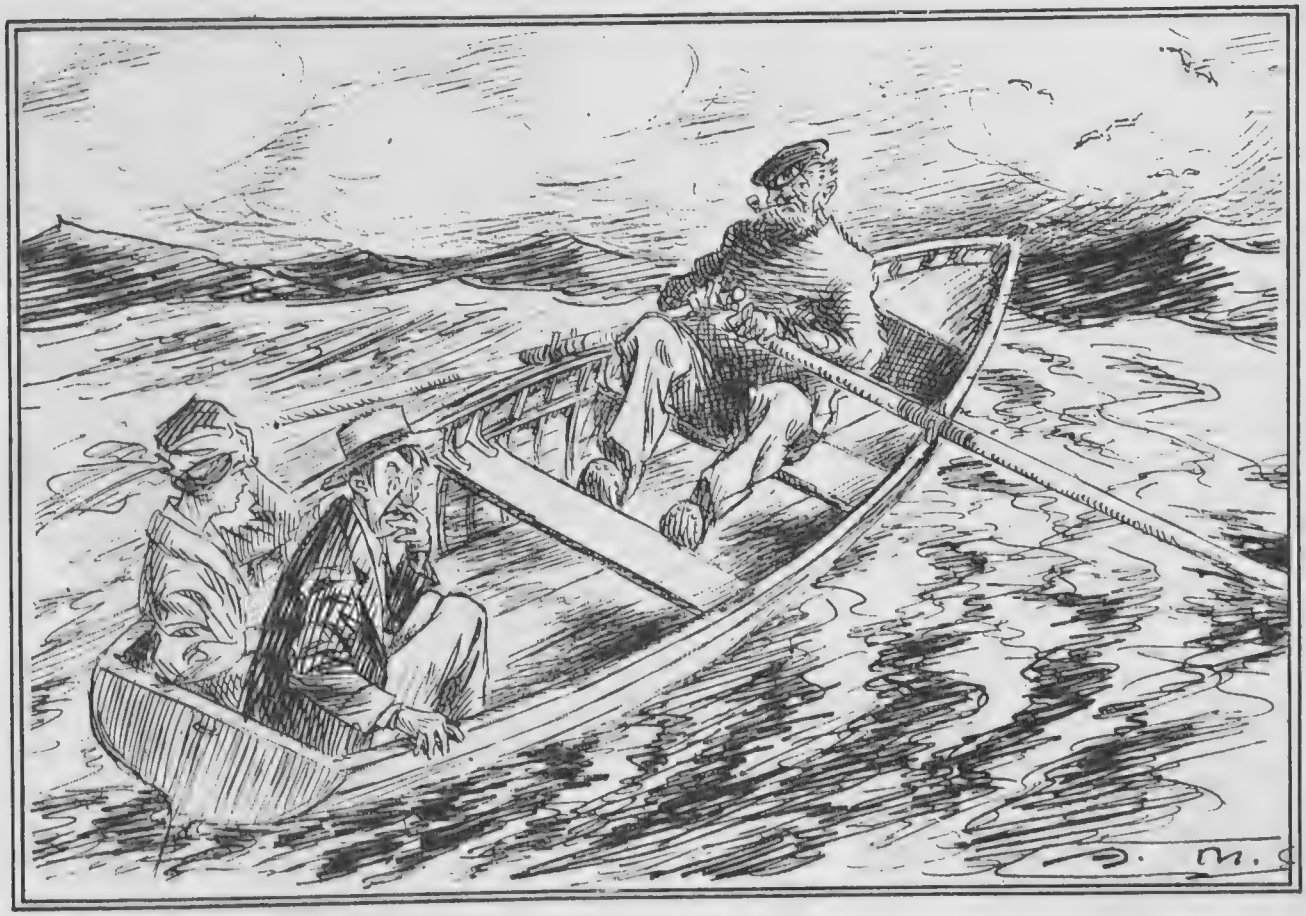
. . . . . .

Then came a certain hot August Tuesday morning, when one of the familiar faces vanished. There

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 558)

Misapprehensions

JOCK: "The stage is all right, onyway. Ma sister's in a revue, and gets a colonel's w ges"
TOMMY: "Well, I reckon the colonel's wife ought to be told about it"



SHE: "George, dear, is there any danger of being torpedoed?"
HE: "I'm afraid not"

"THE SAME WAY" (*concluded*)

was war—a sudden urgent call for despatch riders—and the Disinherited Knight and his old green side-car were seen no more.

The days that followed were the saddest St. George had ever known, when, one after another, every friend he had, personal or mirrored, volunteered for the country's service, and he still lay weak and helpless.

The Padre was a real Padre now. He went to France with the first batch of the "Old Contemptibles." The Optimist had some things to settle up, but was in the R.A.M.C. before Christmas. The Pater said: "If only I were twenty years younger!" and became a "special." Then all the mirrored friends went the same way.

The Fair Youth soon disappeared, and returned in a few months marching by in khaki, his face shining with smiles and high resolve, whilst the girl, now grave-faced and pale, clung silently to his arm.

The two typists tramped by for many months, then they both went. After a time the pretty one re-appeared in a becoming uniform, her hair "bobbed." She was a W.A.A.C. on leave from France. The plain one never came back.

The quaint bank cashier joined up, and came in to say "good-bye." Evidently having "heard something from someone" he drily told St. George "he was off to Toolong and Tooloose in earnest now."

He of the Brown continued to plod grimly back and forth and St. George, by the aid of the mirror, saw he sported a munitions badge, and was presumably indispensable. Then he went the same way, and St. George took another firm grip of himself and schooled himself doggedly to patience.

Algy the Knut disappeared *ages* ago. One bright summer afternoon St. George saw him walk briskly by, head erect, face thin but bronzed. Then St. George caught a passing glimpse of three stars with an empty sleeve beneath them.

. . . . . .

The Padre came on leave, and called at the corner house. He immediately noticed the absence of a long familiar object.

"Where are Jim's mirrors?" he asked the Pater, as they shook hands in the hall. "Jim" was St. George's real name.

The Pater's grip tightened convulsively.

"Jim," he said slowly, "made many friends through those mirrors; patiently and uncomplainingly watched them all disappear on war service. You, who have been on active service from the beginning, cannot realise the grief of the man who perforce stayed at home. He was getting better slowly; then he set his mind on it, progressed more rapidly, and on the third anniversary of the declaration of war he realised his ambition—Jim is in France."

So—St. George had gone the same way.

ESTELLE GWYNNE

Where East Meets West

Open-air dance rehearsals in such a pleasant garden as that shown in our picture add attraction to the art. These are some of Miss Maude Gibson's pupils dancing Eastern dances in a Western garden for the Oriental ballet to be produced at the Court Theatre.

"Our Line is Firmly Held"

Whate'er attacks there be,
By Ludendorff impelled,
Don't count for you and me
—"*Our* line is firmly held!"

The Bystander in Paris

"A caneton for the supper of the gardien"

INDECISIONS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

How it is difficult in the rose garden of Bagatelle to think it was not quite the journey of an hour in the train before the war to where is now the terrible battle. The roses which your strange Englishman, Sir Richard Wallace, planted to make this corner of the Bois most beautiful, are in bloom of great masses, or on the little trees they hang enormous; and the perfume which fills the garden is exquisite like music. If once it should blow on the battlefield, even the Boche would stop to fight, thinking how beautiful was life.

BUT so it was difficult also the last week, when we went for our walk in the Parc —— to think how near was the battle. There was a so tranquil peace and the little lake was still like a mirror. A morsel of our ration of bread we gave for the *déjeuner* of the ducks and mocked to see them so greedy. "One cannot here at all imagine that there is the war," Lucile said when we went out from the gate; and *tout d'un coup* there was the noise of Bertha so near it made the stars appear in our heads.

"WHERE is it?" everyone asked, and one said: "It is in the park." So we walked back again to see. What an escape! There was not ten yards from our chairs where we had sat a great hole at the edge of the lake. And the poor ducks! For them the *coup de Bertha* was a commotion they did not easily comprehend, and there was one who did not trouble himself of the matter because he was quite dead. It was once more the Bertha had no luck to make so big a noise to kill a *caneton* for the supper of the *gardien* of the park. But we do not go again to the Parc —— to walk and sew. It is, we think, more quiet in Bagatelle.

SO much as we can do we all make the pretence to forget the battle. It is too near to be regarded without an emotion of distress, One can only attend and make the little precautions to have from the bank some money and to pack in a valise one pair of everything, the soap, and the *brosse à dents*, and so much of the most necessaries that one can oneself carry.

IT was our brother Frédéric who so advised to us. "Every army," he has written, "makes its precaution for a strategic retreat, and it is my order that you must prepare. Do not have shame to be prudent, and if you must go, you must have so nearly as possible to nothing."

AT first we laughed—it was so silly to think like that; but now it is the infection we have caught, and Léonie has made for us parcels of our most precious. To no one have we told how we have done, and it is not a subject much discussed how we are all prepared. But when we make a call we have the little suspicion that somewhere in the houses of our friends there are the boxes all packed with cords and in the drawing-room there is sometimes a clock or a *vase de Sèvres* which is disappeared, just in case Monsieur le Kronprinz should arrive.

AT the stations there are the poor ones who so long have lived with the army near the Aisne and the Ourcq who are arriving every day and in the night. They have not the advice of Frédéric, *ces pauvres*, to go with nearly nothing, and so many have all their fortune in bundles big like an elephant that they carry on the back. There is always of them a queue long like a procession to wait at the Gare Montparnasse to enregister all the baggage and to travel away to the west where the war cannot any more hurt.

WHEN we have gone to help with the *bébés* and to distribute the soup we have been all the time

(Continued on page 564)

1914

THE original Trench Coat of 1914, which the first winter of the war was officially brought to the notice of Officers commanding corps in the B.E.F., is

THE THRESHER

Smart and workmanlike in cut, interlined with Thresher's "Melcam," in every respect the Service coat for the Service man. Price **Five Guineas.**

Detachable Kamelcott lining, £2 2. Cavalry Coats, with large saddle gusset and knee protectors attached, 21/- extra.

Over 22,000 Thresher Trench Coats have been supplied to British Officers to date. When ordering send size of chest and approximate height. All sizes in stock. Coats by return.

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There is no more acceptable gift to the Hospital, Camp, or for the men in the Trenches and in Billets than a parcel of 'His Master's Voice' Records. Let the sunshine of happiness into their lives. Send a parcel.

Major Mackenzie Rogan, M.V.O.

AND THE BAND OF

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

ON

'His Master's Voice'

TO hear the most stirring compositions of the past and present age in their fullest glory, one has to hear them rendered by the Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the baton of that marvellous conductor, Major Rogan. This great Band is universally recognised as one of the finest military bands in the kingdom. It has made some splendid recordings upon 'His Master's Voice.'

The following records should be in the Collection of every lover of martial music:—

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Lady's polished Morocco Dressing Case, lined antique moi e silk, fitted entirely square edge Sterling Silver, with 8-day Clock, Lever Movement.

Size : 18 x 14 x 6 ins. deep.

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Best quality and finish throughout

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ELIZABETH, Ltd.

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All Models Greatly Reduced.

SPECIALISTS in CHILDREN'S SCHOOL OUTFITS and LADIES' PRACTICAL OVERALLS and FROCKS.

Sole Makers of the Oleo Outfit for Women Workers on the Land.

Haymaking Frock in Old English Print or Flowered Cretonne ... ... 3½ Gns.

Old English Sunbonnets from 10/6 to 21/6.

For FLOOR Coverings

TRELOAR'S DUROLEUM

Specialists for 80 Years

Patterns cannot wear off.

A remarkable Floor Covering in various designs.

Call and Inspect, or Write for Prices of all Carpets.

68, 69, 70, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Leafy June

Restrictions on travelling lead to a rediscovery of the poetry and beauty of the countryside

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

wondering if soon it might be we who would be travelling—but no one will be quite so rash to speak that aloud. When we have read the *communiqué* of the morning and how the line is held by our brave ones we are ashamed and hide our baggage and go into shops to buy a something new so much as if we had no fear at all to have to leave it all behind. It is only in the heart that we have fear; because the heart goes up and down with a bump when the Bertha speaks and the sirens begin. In our heads we have a courage remarkable—but it is not our heads which so go bump.

"To pack in a valise"

WHEN we are quite sure that it is not to-day that we will go with our baggage it is always the same thing which we do, Lucile and I, to go to the market to buy a basket of the cherries and a bouquet to take to our hospital. "*C'est pour les blessés*," we tell to the old *marchande*, and with the big hand she fills our basket; but even in our one hospital it is so impossible to give to all; there are so many.

IT is already of thirty that I am adopted the *marraine*, and of my thirty there are ten English of your divisions who fought on the Chemin des Dames. They have all so serious wounds, but always they say something gay, like the one who told to me: "We were sent to the Chemin des Dames for a rest; and the doctor says it will be three months before I move. So nobody didn't lie!"

THERE was, too, another, who paid to us so great a compliment. It was forbidden to him to move the head, and he did not see how we were near. It was to his friend he spoke while he lay still. "Tom," he said quite loud, "Tom, are you there? Nice bit of Parisienne, *chic*, what?" Then there was time he was silent till he spoke again: "Say, Tom, you should see my old girl—all right, she is—fine."

WE give our fruit and our cigarettes and when we come again into the street to see everyone busy with their affairs, the crowds of the cafés, the children playing so gay with their balloons, the vendor of chocolate, the cabman who wishes you to drive—all the life we have known so long—how it all seems unreal. It is not, we say, possible that anything should arrive—but yes, we go with the others to Notre Dame de la Victoire.

Your friend,
Who is not very gay,
AGNÈS

"Ces pauvres from the Aisne"

A Correction

IN THE BYSTANDER of May 8 we published a portrait of the charming actress, Mlle. Paulette del Baye. Her name was printed in error as de Baye. The sole right to the use of the name of de Baye is claimed by Mlle. Yolande de Baye, Surintendante, Ambulance d'Armée, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Royal Red Cross of England, First Class.

"You Mustn't Move!"

"I won't. I wouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the most delightful cigarette made for all the world. You will understand now why I never move without my Kenilworths — won't you? And why I consider them the one cigarette worth smoking?

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf, yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginian Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost ***1/4*** *for* 20, ***3/3*** *for* 50, ***6/6*** *for* 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. ***Minimum order 200.*** *Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—12, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.*

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COPE BROS. & CO., LTD.,
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Khaki Shirts

For Practical Value—Healthful, Durable, Non-irritant, Unshrinkable.

If you are unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturer for name of suitable Retailer:

Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

ALL the Latest Records sent by Post.

AT 94 REGENT STREET you will find the most complete and perfectly-equipped Audition Salons in London for hearing the latest "His Master's Voice" Records. We keep every Record in stock, and hold the largest stock in Britain. Our service is prompt and efficient. You can hear the Records at ease and in comfort, and, if you are unable to take advantage of calling, we will dispatch Record within six hours after receipt of your order. We shall, of course, be pleased to send Lists of Records post free on request. We invite your patronage.

The WEST END
GRAMOPHONE SUPPLY Co LTD
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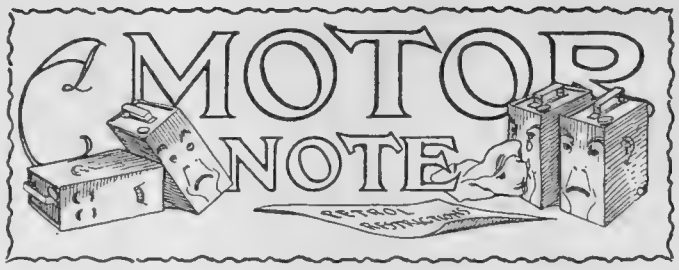
TELEPHONE 224,225,226 GERRARD

C.F.H.



If you are looking for an exemplification of the value of co-operative production go to the British magneto industry. It is perfectly true that this industry is working under conditions which are distinctly stimulated by collective effort, since there is no great need for concern about the competitive factor. It has but one customer, hydra-headed, but not competitive. It is a customer that started life in direst need for magnetos, but without a pennyworth of control over sources of home-made supply. There was no home-made supply—for reasons which are moderately clear, if not wholly complimentary to this country.

***

Had we then started in to create a supply along strictly competitive lines the result would not have been nearly so satisfactory as it is. On the other hand, had we started one wholly self-contained source of supply the result would, just as certainly, have been equally unsatisfactory. The first would have produced the usual waste of competition, probably, having regard to the conditions, in a much more aggravated form. The second would have lacked the stimulus of emulation, naturally arising from the existence of several distinct and separately capitalised organisations, each concentrating upon the same product for the same customer, but each very conscious of the possibilities of presently, when the one war customer will die and thousands of peace customers are born.

***

For individual credit's sake, each magneto manufacturer, under the present circumstances, must do his best to keep in line with, or ahead of, development in air, land, and water transport; yet there is no need to indulge in that frenzy and gamble of production characteristic of ordinary competitive conditions. Therefore, and only therefore, we have this remarkable war-time achievement, which has created a supply of home-made magnetos many times larger than the alien supply of peace-time and many times more efficient.

***

We seem definitely to have surpassed the German in this department—that German, with a world organisation, before whose product we gave up our own industrial ghost without a fight. "Bosch" we said, and gave him a walk over as though there was nothing else to do—about the most nationally humiliating exposition of industrial impotence that ever emerged from "the workshop of the world." But now we *know* we have Bosch bunkered.

***

Bosch, as our own Peter-the-Hermit-like evangelist of British magnetoism reminds us, is continually dropping his latest and best, *viâ* the medium of the crashed Gotha or strafed Zeppelin. So we know what he is doing behind that shield of massed men on the Western front; and we make comparisons; and we are conscious of a gentlemanly glow of gratification. The bogey of Bosch is laid; and that has been done by a process of collaboration which is the essence of co-operative production, and by the elimination of that very factor of competitive struggle which we regarded as the marrow of industrial efficiency. Motor vehicle manufacturers, please copy!

The Lighting and Starting of your "After the War" Car is its most important feature; therefore, let "C.A.V." advise you.—Write, call, or phone C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.

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The LEADING BRITISH HOUSE for everything electrical

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on the sea – under the sea

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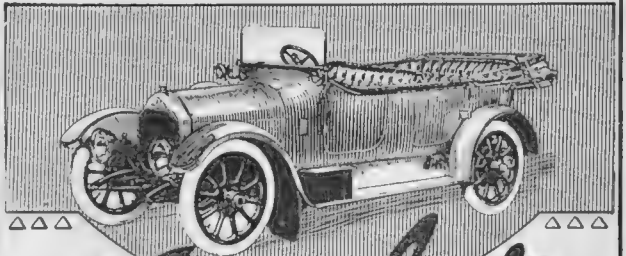

Humber

The whole of our present output is reserved for the Governments of the Allies, but may we put your name on our waiting list?

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY.
AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

PRACTICALLY all that has to be told of summer fashions has been dealt with, and the sales are about to commence, with all their customary feverish interest and excitement. In which connection I should much like to have discussed the standard gown, but time and space alike press.

A Wrap-Coat that Marks Out the Well-Dressed Sportswoman

MEANWHILE, let me introduce you to one of Kenneth Durward's latest models, by name the "Newbridge." With enviable sources of supply at its command, this far-seeing firm in Conduit Street has, nevertheless, seen the wisdom of securing an exceptional stock of white blanketing cloth, the best material for the summer wrap-coat. Added to which there is Kenneth Durward's irreproachable cut and immaculate finish. The "Newbridge" is thoroughly up to standard, and with it comes the suggestion from the firm of how admirably it will dye a darker or more useful *nuance* for the autumn months.

A success that was to be easily foreshadowed has been secured by the jolly pin-line striped white cashmere suits which Kenneth Durward has been building for the present season. These are modelled very much on the lines of the grey over-check suitings, with flat-pleated skirts and plain semi-fit coat, and represent in their way an equally sound purchase, since they will also dye. May the day, indeed, be far away ere we lack a Kenneth Durward in our midst.

A Sale of Very Genuine Character

STARTING on July 1, and lasting, providing there is anything left to sell, throughout the month, is the annual summer sale held by Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street. A particular feature will be young ladies' dresses, the remainder of a stock originally destined for India, but which the difficulties of transport have held up. These are marked down to give-away prices, five guineas, for example, securing charming little ninon frocks, enhanced by all those fastidious touches and finish that characterise creations which it is impossible to create now under two figures, and appreciable sums at that. And at Elizabeth's the designs are absolutely exclusive.

Not likely to go begging are those novel jumpers built of the famed Olva scarves. We are so obsessed by jumpers that this is a brilliant inspiration on the part of Elizabeth.

Among the children's garments there are to be found some fascinating little linen coats for tinies, and just a few useful jumper frocks for girls up to fourteen years of age, ranging from 39*s.* 6*d.* Substantial reductions have been placed on cretonne overalls, one of the notable successes this season, of which Elizabeth, despite many slavish imitators, still holds the monopoly for producing at their best and most attractive.

THE "NEWBRIDGE" RAINCOAT
At Kenneth Durward's

The Catholicity of Cretonne

CRETONNE is having a veritable field-day all its own, and the brighter and more daring the designs the greater kudos they gain when used for frocks, overalls, sunshades, and hats. And now a further call is made upon it, dressing gowns and boudoir wraps putting in claims, as witness "Noreen's" original and very attractive example illustrated on p. 570. The cretonne chosen is one of those bold floral patterns, in which red is the predominating colour on a buff ground, a lining of India red silk being brought into prominence by the deep sweeping fold of the sleeve. A feature to be noted in connection with this *distingué* cretonne wrapper is the band of ribbon carried round the open sleeves and neck, the small back view revealing how two long ends fall to below the waist in a very effective manner. There is an emphatic Eastern touch about the whole affair, not the least characteristic detail occurring in a draped cap of Indian red silk, the folds caught up with a gold flower, and gold fringe edging the hanging curtain.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

Linens and Lingerie

DON'T make any delay in visiting Robinson and Cleaver's summer sale, which commenced on Monday, June 24. The values offered are of the most enticing order and include all the well-known makes of linens, curtains, lingerie, handkerchiefs, men's wear, and the season's fascinating productions in robes and blouses. Just as an example of the bargains in the latter *galère*, hear how a lovely little cotton georgette frock, prettily made with a square neck opening, bordered by some artistically applied hand embroidery, is to be had for 69*s.* 6*d.*, a fancy *chine* voile, with originally disposed collar, cuffs, etc., in self-coloured satin, dropping to only 45*s.* 9*d.*

A real blouse bargain will be found in a georgette model at 25*s.* 6*d.* This is arranged with a long rever front, daintily hemstitched, and is procurable in several colours, and sizes from 13 to 14½. A shirt of Union cambric, sizes 13 to 15, is well worth consideration at 12*s.* 11*d.*, as is also a smart, rather severe Japanese silk shirt, at 21*s.* 9*d.*

A CRETONNE BOUDOIR-WRAP
With bold floral pattern and a lining of Indian red silk

As for household linens, whatever the requirement may be it will be found at the Linen Hall, Regent Street. Superior quality grass-bleached linen sheets, 2 by 3 yards, range from 66*s.* 4*d.* the pair; pillow-cases to match from 4*s.* 6*d.* each; hem-stitched linen sheets, ready washed for use, make a tempting bid at 97*s.* 6*d.*, the pillow-cases *en suite* starting at 8*s.* 11*d.* each.

The Shirt that Always Carries On

IN these days of upheavals and changes, it gives one a sensation of unique security to find the famed Shoolbred Shirt quietly pursuing the same even tenour of success. That this perfectly built tailored possession should be more in demand than ever can be well understood, since there is no more fitting complement to the severe tailor-made suit which nowadays almost amounts to a uniform. But what is more remarkable is the continued long range of choice in materials, these including zephyrs, that cool, splendid-wearing taffeta wool, Ceylon flannel, Oxford shirting, and both spun and light silks, a very special emphasis being laid on

(*Continued on page 572*)

THE newest and latest designs in Sefton Fabrics, prepared especially for Summer Wear, are now being shown. Charming in their decorative effect, they are the creations of well-known Artists and represent an entirely new vogue in dress material that is both distinguished and distinctive. To see the pretty Sefton Fabrics is one of the delights of shopping.

SEFTON SHERELENE
36in. wide double width 2/- per yard.

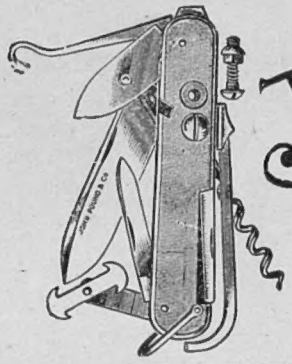
SEFTON SHEREVOILE
40in. wide. double width 3/- per yard.

MAKE A NOTE
to see the
SPECIAL EXHIBITION
of these Fabrics at
WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEEN'S ROAD, W. 2

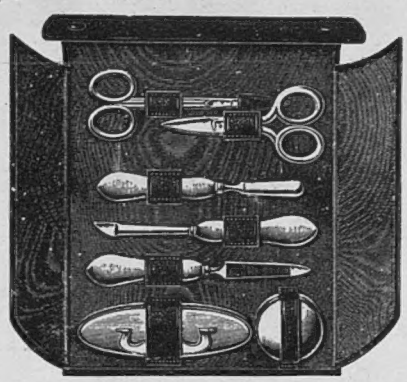
WRITE FOR PATTERNS
and a selection will be sent post free immediately on receipt of a postcard.

Sefton Fabrics
Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile

John Pound & Co.



BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL CAMPAIGN KNIFE,
15/6 21/6 27/6 As illustration, **39/6**
Engraving NAME and REGIMENT, **3/6**
Postage Expeditionary Forces, 1/-



LADY'S LEATHER MANICURE ROLL,
lined MOIRE SILK, best finish.
Plain SILVER and STEEL fittings ... **59/6**
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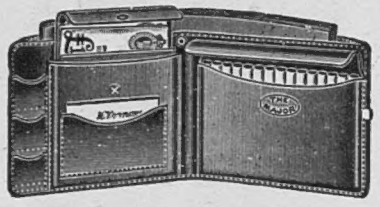
BEST CHOCOLATE COLOUR VELVET CALF PHOTO FRAME
with OXIDISED BADGE of any Regiment.
POST CARD or CABINET ... **15/6**
BOUDOIR **19/6**
IMPERIAL **23/6**

POST ORDERS receive careful and prompt attention.

LADY'S SILK WRIST BAG,
inner division lined LEATHER.
BEST POSSIBLE VALUE.
All colours, **21/6**

THE "MAJOR" CIGARETTE & NOTE CASE COMBINATION,
Separate POCKETS for NOTES, STAMPS, CARDS and CHEQUE BOOK.



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187, REGENT STREET, W. 1. 67, PICCADILLY, W. 1.
177-178, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. 1.
81-84, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C. 3.

THE "SERVICE" WRIST WATCH,
ILLUMINATED HAND & FIGURES.
Strong SOLID SILVER Cases,
52/6 & 79/6
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To ensure a Perfect Complexion.

use LA-ROLA, the one reliable and never-failing preparation for protecting the skin from the scorching rays of the sun. It instantly allays all irritation, gives an exquisite sense of freshness, and safeguards the user against the attacks of sun or wind. The soothing effect of

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(The best substitute for Glycerine)

upon chafed, sunburnt, or otherwise irritated skins must be experienced before any true conception of its value can be obtained. A little rubbed into the face morning and evening serves as an excellent skin food, softening and strengthening the delicate tissues.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles 1/1½.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT. Boxes, 1/-.

HAD "Tonides" Cigarettes been obtainable in the days of Watteau they would no doubt have had a place in the cargo of the enchanted vessel that transported the pilgrims of the Fêtes Galantes to the Island of Cytherea. In the Watteau world of exquisite imaginings "Tonides" Cigarettes would have had the Entrée, as they have to the most exclusive circles to-day.

"Tonides" finest American Cigarettes are full of delicate flavour and their aroma is light and fascinating. These qualities make "Tonides" as suited to outdoor smoking as to the drawing room.

Price—1/10½ for 25 : 3/9 for 50 : 7/4 for 100.
To Officers on Active Service we can send 150 for 7/9, including postage.
The Robert Sinclair Tobacco, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
London Wholesale Agents:
Henry Scholey, Ltd., 8, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.

TONIDES
CIGARETTES

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

the selection of white Japanese silk. One of the wisest provisions in connection with these shirts is the finishing of the neck with an ordinary collar-band, thereby enabling the wearer to take her choice of straight or falling attached collars or stock tie.

An adjoined sketch illustrates the precise aspect of Shoolbred's tailor-made shirt as it is fashioned to-day, with straight yoke and cuffs.

Leading Lines in Robes and Made-Up Flowers

FOUR whole weeks have been allotted by Harvey Nichols to the clearing off of superfluous summer stock. I give precedence to robes, where a galaxy of unprecedented bargains awaits the wary shopper; 18*s.* 9*d.* covers a multifarious choice, including some attractive striped piqués, in pale blue, white and pink, chocolate and heliotrope, ideal for seaside wear, and also a range of coloured zephyrs, the upper part embroidered with white back and front. Arranged with semi-pleated skirt and pleated bodices, there is offered a selection of the prettiest patterned voile models at 29*s.* 6*d.* These have collars and cuffs of white or some contrasting colour, ornamented with darning stitch, and in every sense express the last word in smart simplicity.

The flower department here has set out to beat all previous records. First and foremost come hat garnitures of ribbon *appliqué* with flowers, marked down to half price, the range starting at 8*s.* 11*d.* These likewise serve for *ceintures*, as many of us this season have been discovering to our great joy, and subsequent decoration of evening dresses. For later months there is a host of hackle feathers in dull colours, only 3*s.* 11*d.*, and white, 4*s.* 11*d.*

A TAILOR-MADE SHIRT
At Shoolbred's

A Notable Two Weeks' Clearance Commencing on July 1

As the firm of Dickins and Jones points out, the question of clothes is more momentous in time of war than of peace. This being so they have given more than ordinary care to the assembling of their sale bargains, and the eye is caught by the practical character of the offerings. An all-round useful coat and skirt of all-wool Cheviot, in green, wine, and mole, is only 94*s.* 6*d.*, while many are sure to be early on the scenes on July 1, to secure one of the twelve suits of good quality taffeta which have been dropped to 73*s.* 6*d.*

(*Continued on page* viii)

INELIGIBLE OR EXEMPTED MEN

should provide for their own future and that of their dependants, by taking up an Endowment Assurance NOW with the Scottish Widows Fund.

Write for Booklet giving full particulars and terms.

NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

For scheme to purchase by instalments, apply for special leaflet giving full particulars.

Scottish Widows Fund *Founded 1815.*

THE LARGEST BRITISH MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.

FUNDS: 22 MILLIONS. CLAIMS PAID: 47 MILLIONS.

HEAD OFFICE:
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(G. J. LIDSTONE, Manager and Actuary.)

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ON SATURDAY, JULY 6,
there will be a
CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S
CHURCH *v.* AUSTRALIANS
(Clergy) Headquarters)
in aid of the
CHURCH ARMY
(registered under the War Charities Act, 1916)
RECREATION HUTS AT THE FRONT.
Under the distinguished Patronage of
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
who hopes to be present.
The arrangements are being made on the Church side by the Rev. A. M. Batty, Rector of West Hackney, and F. H. Gillingham, Rector of Bermondsey; and on the Australian side by the Australian Headquarters.
The Band of the Royal Artillery will play from 3 to 5 p.m.
Commences 11.30 sharp. Lunch 1.30.
ADMISSION, 1s.; Including Stand, 2s. 6d.

Poudre Nildé—an antidote to the summer sun

Protect your complexion from the injurious effects of the sun by daily using Pondre Nildé—the perfect face powder in the *sifter* box.

Poudre Nildé is prepared from special ingredients which have a particularly beneficent action on the skin, and keep it lovely and soft and smooth—*always.*

The *sifter* in the Nildé Box enables one to obtain just enough powder on the puff *and no more* and thus assures evenness of complexion. It also prevents the powder falling on one's dress. Realise the saving this means.

The little box (for the handbag) 1/-. Large size (for the boudoir) 3/-. *Each box contains a puff.* Of all Parfumeurs, Stores, etc.